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A CHILD'S LOVE:

A FACT OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE struggle between the Montagne and the Gironde had just been brought to a close, with the defeat of the latter party, over whom the revolutionary axe had been suspended for five months. Brissot, the philosopher; Verguiau, the great orator, and the Mirabeau of the Legislative Assembly; Gensonné, Duclos, and about twenty other "martyrs" to liberty;—all had perished on the scaffold. Terror hovered over the Convention, and thence spread over all France. At this memorable epoch, I had scarcely attained my twentieth year, and had taken no part whatever in these bloody contests. Nevertheless, the name I bore, and my family connexion with several illustrious refugees, were soon imputed to me as a crime. I was informed against as an *aristocrate*, and implicated in one of the thousand conspiracies, which were then hatched hourly. In a few days, I was arrested, tried, and sentenced to death! A few hours before that appointed for my execution, however, (by means which I will not halt to relate), I succeeded in escaping from confinement. Restored thus, miraculously, to liberty, I fell a prey to such intense anxiety as almost made me regret my escape from death. I knew not where to ask an asylum; for to implore the hospitality of a friend would have ruined him without saving myself. My miraculous flight had obtained for me a most unenviable notoriety: for I had thus become an important person, and a marked man, who must, at any price, be sacrificed to the law, as a terror to all evil-doers. Hence, my person was advertised in all the newspapers; and there was not a *gendarme*, nor *maire de village*, who was not burning for the reward offered for my capture.

As the best step towards escape and concealment, I first removed from Paris, with the intention of going to Calais; at which town my friend M. P—, a rich privateer, was to provide me with the means of reaching the coast of England. Thither my mother and eldest brother had previously repaired, and they were waiting my arrival in London with the greatest anxiety; but, alas, how was I to reach them through a thousand obstacles—when travellers, at every step, were arrested in the name of "Liberty," and when people were not permitted to go from one village to another without a passport, and a certificate of "Civism?" On the very first day of my journey, I found the high road impassable; and at every hamlet, the words "thy passport," froze me with terror. I then left the road for the fields and open country; but the alarm had been given, I was pursued like game, and I had to contend for my life before the swords of the Terrorists, and beneath the horrors of hunger. At length, after a whole week's march, or rather flight, broken down with fatigue, and faint for the want of food, I took shelter beneath the wall of a lonely park, in a small village in the neighbourhood of Arras. Alike exhausted, mentally as well as bodily, for the first time I now lost all hope in Providence. I asked myself whether it would not be better to put an end to my life by surrendering myself to the Terrorists, than to attempt further escape: but, in this moment of despair, the door of the park against which I was leaning, not being bolted within, yielded to the weight of my body,

VOL. IV.

and I found myself in a dark avenue of horse-chestnut trees; beneath these I lay down, resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to go no further.

In a few minutes, a large mastiff came towards me, making the avenue re-echo with his formidable counter-tenor. He was about to rush upon me, when a little girl, not more than eight or ten years of age, threw herself upon the neck of the rampant dog, and appeased him, as if by enchantment.

The lovely child had perceived me; she, at first, hesitated whether she should speak to me, but seeing me weak, pale, and wan, and especially my fright at the mastiff, who was yet gnashing his white teeth at me,—she took courage to address me. "Do not be afraid," said she, "he will not bite you. Mouton is very harmless when no one hurts me—and you do not look like a cruel man." Still, the dog bayed at me, and his hollow and threatening growl forbade no good for me.

"Now, Mouton, be quiet, and kiss the gentleman instantly," said the feeling girl; "I will have you do it;" for, notwithstanding my slovenly clothes, the instinct of her sex had already enabled her to perceive that I was neither a beggar, nor a common fellow. And then, with her little hand she drew imperiously the enormous head of her terrible companion towards my lips.

"Dear little angel!" said I to her, as I stroked the compliant Mouton, "have pity on me: I have not tasted food these two days." "Two days without eating!" was the reply, "oh, poor young man! Here, take all my cake, for Mamma will give me more." She immediately drew from her pocket and gave me a cake, which I soon devoured; whilst the poor child watched me with inexpressible pleasure, and Mouton vainly waited for the crumbs.

After this light repast, I rose with difficulty. "Lean upon me," said she; "fear nothing, little Lucy is strong; lean, I say." She endeavoured, whilst speaking, to regulate her steps, as if to strengthen mine. I could have kissed the lovely child a thousand times; but I feared my neglected dress and appearance might cause her to turn from me with disgust. It was, however, plain that her little heart beat high with joy: she ran before me, came back to me, familiarly took me by the hand, clapped her tiny hands together, and appeared anxious to reach her mother, who, she said, was very good to the hungry. Mouton had also grown tractable: as his young mistress took me under her protection, he became friendly with me: he gravely walked between us, and, at times, looked up with jealousy at the caresses which Lucy lavished on me; though, by the time that we had passed through the winding paths of a beautiful garden in the English style, and thus reached the door of an elegant pavilion, the mastiff, Lucy, and I were the best friends in the world.

I followed in the steps of my young guide, and entered an apartment, the elegance and comfort of which indicated the taste and good fortune of its owner, and seemed to me a good omen. "Thank Heaven," said I, inwardly; "for this day, at least, I am saved." Meanwhile, my little friend drew me towards an adjoining room, crying out, "Mamma, mamma, I just saw a gentleman who was hungry, and I gave him my cake. Come and see how kind he looks. Mouton likes him already, almost as much as he does me." In fact, Mouton, in pacing from one

room to the other, and from his mistress to me, seemed to say, you shall see what we have found. "What do you say, my dear?" replied a sweet voice, the young and silvery tone of which bespoke the woman I was about to see. Nothing more strongly tells aristocratic rank and manners, than the voice. A pretty face may deceive; but the tone of the voice, never! The voice is, indeed, the distinction of our race!

Immediately, I found myself in the presence of a young woman, in a plain white dress, with a short waist, as was then the fashion. Her delicate countenance beamed with graceful expression; she blushed on seeing me, and bade me take a seat. I excused myself for standing until I had explained my appearance in her house. "I was pursued," said I,—"the door of your park chanced to be open, when I entered it, having resolved to yield up my life. Heaven and your daughter ordered it otherwise; but I will not allow your peace to be endangered by the kindness of your child. Hospitality is at this moment a dangerous virtue: I am a fugitive, and of the class known as *aristocrates*." At this word, the lady again blushed, and her countenance and manners became changed to coldness; though, somewhat suppressing her feelings, she said: "Sir, I thank you for your frankness: I will, in the same spirit, not conceal from you that my husband's opinions are opposite to your own: but he is from home, and I see nothing to prevent your remaining here in his absence." "I only ask that for an hour, Madam, when I shall be able to resume my journey." "No; this night you must not think of it; for the strictest orders are given in the village, and you would, undoubtedly, be taken. To-morrow—" "But, till then, even, it would endanger you." "Oh!" replied she, smiling, "do not be afraid,—our opinions are known. We have nothing to fear from the most active search, and you may remain here in safety." And as I was yet hesitating, "Oh! remain," cried Lucy, who had, with the greatest interest, listened to our conversation, alternately fixing her large black eyes on her mother and myself; "remain, dear friend, I beg of you," added she, joining her hands: "you just said little Lucy had saved you,—you must love her, else you are ungrateful. Besides, I love you.—I do! and when I love any one, he must love me also. Therefore, you must love me—do you hear?—*I will have you love me!* It is of no use to laugh, I will; and I and Mamma will have you stay with us as long as you are unhappy; won't you, dear Mamma?"

The lady, evidently affected, smiled to conceal her emotion. "Why, my dear," she replied, "I am perfectly willing; however, it may displease your Papa." "Papa!" cried the child, pouting with cunning and self-importance, "Oh! if nothing else will trouble you, I will obtain his consent. Don't be uneasy: Papa does every thing I wish." I smiled in my turn, and the young mother said to me politely, in accents of kindness: "Now, Sir, you can no longer refuse to stay: my daughter will have it, and here her will is law." Then, as if to explain her coldness at first, she added: "For my part, I also am anxious to take a share in her act of goodness." And, without waiting for my answer, she then left me, to go and give her orders.

Lucy took advantage of her mother's absence, to say, in a subdued and mysterious tone: "You will stay with Lucy, won't you?" "Yes, dear little angel." "For ever, won't you? I should be so sorry if you left us!" At any other time, I could have laughed at the sentimental tone of the last sentence; but I then felt a prey to graver thoughts. I imagined a deadly danger to be hovering over me, and I saw before me a simple child, a stranger to the wicked world and its storms, and who with no other

guide save her own guileless heart, and no other inducement but the charms of her tender age, undertook to protect the head of a fugitive from the sentence of a bloody tribunal. Mine eyes were suffused with tears; I took Lucy in my arms, and almost smothered her with kisses; but, hearing her mother return, I quickly put her down, as though I had committed myself. As to Lucy, she ran to her mother, and embraced her several times. I know not whether I was mistaken, but it struck me that I was, partly, the cause of this effusion of tenderness.

A maid-servant soon appeared with a tray of cold meat, and a flask of excellent Bordeaux wine; to which I did justice, notwithstanding my previous feast upon the cake. I was then told that my room was ready. It was Lucy's chamber; and she told me that she wished to give it up to me, and for that night to sleep with her mother in a "made-up" bed. She leaped with joy at the thought of thus accommodating me. She would accompany me to the door of the room; there she remained on the sill, and having wished me "Good Night," slowly disappeared. Oh, yes, dear little soul: sweet was that night's rest. More than once amidst the scenes of blood which disturbed my sleep, thy pretty head, with its dark clustering hair, came like that of a laughing sylph, to cool the fever of my dreams!

Next morning, it was broad daylight when I awoke: the sun shone brightly, and a strong perfume of honeysuckles and roses reached me through a window left partly open. * * * I thought that I was still dreaming—I, who, a week since, was pursued as a criminal, and who, at best, had but a wretched tavern bed, or a stone in the open fields, to rest my head upon—I had slept for twelve hours upon down, and in fine perfumed linen. On awaking I opened mine eyes widely, and was astonished at the elegant simplicity with which the chamber was furnished: it was a true school-girl's room, but so neat, and embellished with harmless coquetry, that it was evident a woman's hand had kept it in order.

As I rose, I perceived hung up in the recess wherein I had slept, an image of St. Lucy: it looked at me, and seemed to say: "Courage, poor fugitive! I will watch over thee!" I burst into tears, and fervently thanked God for thus raising up the hand of a weak child to save me. Then, perceiving a branch of box-wood, I broke off a twig: "Blessed branch!" cried I, with superstitious fervour, "St. Lucy's branch, for ever protect me!" I then dressed myself, and improved, as well as I could, my slovenly appearance. On looking out of the window, the first object I perceived below, in the garden, was Lucy: she no sooner saw me than she cried with joy, parted her shining tresses from off her forehead; she begged me to come down immediately, sent me a kiss, and then, as if ashamed at what she had done, she disappeared among the leafy trees.

Breakfast was ready. Lucy's mother offered me a seat near her, and the coldness of the previous day was no longer visible. Lucy soon appeared: she was out of breath, and presented me with a large bunch of white roses. "But, my dear," said her mother, evidently astonished, "you have then stripped all your rose-bushes." "Oh, no, Mamma, there are yet some left," was the ready reply. Soon after breakfast, we passed a rose-bush in the garden quite stripped of its flowers, when Lucy pointed to it, hinting that she had given me all. During the repast, she did not once lose sight of me: all her attention was devoted to me; it was in vain for Mouton to complain, for he was forgotten. If there was anything good, it was always for her "*little husband*." By this name, however, she only addressed me when by ourselves; and she required, on my part, that I should call her my "*little*

wife;" she assumed all the rights of one, and when, by chance, I forgot her, she somewhat sharply recalled me to my duty. She was, indeed, an extraordinary creature: without being pretty, she had a thousand womanly charms; her perception and sound sense were as quick as lightning; she was imperious in her carriage, and dark-coloured, like the Creoles, whose good qualities and defects she alike possessed. Her replies to questions always astonished me; so that I sometimes asked myself whether this precocious intelligence, and the superlatively sentimental heart that I was listening to, were not fifteen years old? * * * What she felt for me was a sentiment which I could not define. It was more than the friendship of a child; it was that of early womanhood—the dawn of a young girl's love.

At length, my "little wife" was compelled to leave me, to go — to school. Lucy was now serious; and this absence seemed as if it were to be an eternal separation. She took me aside, and made me promise twenty times that she should find me again on her return. "During the whole day," said she, "I am thinking of you. But you, Sir, what will you do?" "I! I shall wait impatiently for the return of my benefactress, my lovely friend." She made a pouting face. "Oh, my dear little wife," added I, correcting myself. "Ah! very well, Sir, and do not forget; I prize you much; dost thou hear?" (this internixture of *you* and *thou* made me smile. *) "Why do you laugh? I don't like any body to laugh, when I speak, especially of grave things." I resumed my serious air. "I see I have hurt thy feelings," said she to me immediately, jumping up and throwing her arms about my neck, "pardon me; I won't do it any more." She kissed me, and then as if looking into my inmost heart, added, "You, perhaps, think I am joking—because I am a child, you think that I know not what I say; but thou shalt see, thou shalt see! when I love, I love truly, and for ever." In saying this, her voice was animated: but, added she, with a deep sigh, "do men know how to love?" I was confounded.—"Dear little wife, I will prove to you that all men are not ungrateful." "We shall see, we shall see," replied she, with an inexplicable look; and then she ran to the maid-servant, who was waiting for her.

The conversation of this interesting child, the charm which surrounded her, and the profound calm that I enjoyed in this retreat, made me forget the storm which was raging over my head. It seemed to me that I was to pass the remainder of my life in this peaceful home, and that I no longer had anything to fear. Surely, I thought, he who has laid out these beautiful gardens cannot be a cruel man, but he will protect me. Yet, why does his wife always avoid speaking of him? is it that his name is a mystery? or is this silence but the effect of chance? I was about to communicate these reflections to her, at the risk of appearing indiscreet, when a maid-servant, the only domestic I had seen in the house, came running towards us with an affrighted air; she whispered a few words in the ear of her mistress, whom I saw turn pale. "What is the matter, Madam?" said I to her. "Good Heaven, Sir," she replied, "you see how I tremble. I did not expect my husband to return for two or three

days; but Fanchette tells me that he is just come back, and I would not, for the world, that he should find you here. Retire quickly, I entreat you, into this closet; to-night, when he is asleep, Fanchette and I will come to release you from your confinement, and facilitate your flight."

(To be concluded in our next.)

FASHION.

WHAT makes Maria with that grace and air,
So near her heart, Time's gaudy symbol wear?
Is it an useful moral to impart,
"Time should be precious to a lady's heart?"
Or, does her watch proclaim the general liking
Of ladies fair, to what is smart and striking?
Or is it worn to warn the beaux, and say,
"Speak while 'tis time, there's danger in delay?"
No thoughts like these inspire Maria's breast,
Unconscious she of satire and of jest.
Fashion alone the brilliant toy supplies,
To make her look so fine and seem so wise.
Fred, with a visage which has no pretence,
By form or feature, e'en to common sense;
Of stature short, and lumpish in his make,
Yet Fred assumes the coxcomb and the rake;
Buries in whiskers each pale hollow cheek,
His chin in bristles grown for many a week:
In tone a pigmy, yet in language fine,
Fred struts at once a blockhead and a swine;
But hopes that in so picturesque a face,
The ladies will excuse the want of grace.
Still all excess disgusts, some less some more,
This we can smile at, but must all deplore,
When in pure Nature's spite, 'tis Fashion's plan,
To show that monstrous being—A FEMALE MAN!
With indignation let us then pursue,
And drive these dandies from the public view;
These master-misses, who no sex compose,
Yet to the fairer are the worst of foes.
But Satire scorns, whatever she may feel,
To break these butterflies upon the wheel;
Fears to disgrace the vengeance of her pen
On those who can't be women—won't be men.

Kirton.

L. L. L.

OLD LONDON.

THE capability of London for the display of architectural magnificence will not be disputed. The positions of other great cities may indeed exhibit more striking features; we cannot, for instance, command an Acropolis; but the situation of this Metropolis happily combines all which may contribute to its wealth and convenience. Seated on a gentle slope descending to the margin of a noble river, its plain is bounded on the north and south by two beautiful ranges of hills, affording at once easy access, facilities to cleanliness and ventilation, and that in which its rival Paris is so deficient, abundant springs of the purest water.

We have high authority for believing that ancient London, (Lyn-din, the City on the Lake,) overlooked an extensive basin, whose waters washed the bases of the Surrey hills, though the Thames, now confined by embankments, flows within his proper channel. London was not occupied as a Roman station so early as Colchester and Verulam. It has been doubted if Julius Caesar ever saw it. The walls were erected by Theodosius, governor of Britain, in the year 360. They were bounded on the east and west by the Fleet and the Wallbrook, on the south by the Thames, and on the north by a morass, beyond which lay an extensive forest, stretching also towards the eastern side of the city. Fitzstephen, who wrote in the time of Henry II. describes it as then filled with beasts of chase. The first bridge was thrown across the Thames about the year 1000, by the monks of St. Mary Over-Eye, (over the water), who till then had maintained a ferry which gave name to their convent. Even this frail wooden

* The reader should be informed that in translating and adapting this Narrative for the *London Saturday Journal*, the pronouns "thee" and "thou," so formal to an English ear, have been literally translated and purposely retained; for, during the Great French Revolution, the Republicans employed these terms in conversation, whatever the rank of the interlocutors. Besides, this custom prevails in France, among persons of the same family and intimate friends; and it is a mark of endearment and benevolent feeling between patrons and protégés.

fabric is recorded to have been deemed an impregnable barrier by the invader Canute, who cut a channel from Rotherhithe into the Thames above the bridge, and dragged his vessels through it to blockade the city. This old bridge having been destroyed by fire, that which has lately been pulled down, was erected in 1176. Within the memory of persons lately living, this second bridge was laden with an irregular pile of crazy buildings, chiefly occupied by pin-makers, (the first of whom was a Spanish negro,) overhanging the huge starlings on either side, and bound together by cross-beams of timber, beneath which the passengers groped along a narrow and dismal way. The remains of the draw-bridge in the middle were guarded by an antique tower, and another bulwark protected the entrance from the suburb thence called Southwark. These singular appendages, which are represented in Hollar's curious print, were removed, together with most of the city-gates, by authority of Parliament in the year 1760. No demand for additional means of communication across the river was made till 1738, when Labele, a Swiss architect, was employed to build the bridge of Westminster. That of Blackfriars, by Milne, was added in 1761.

The most ancient relic in the city is 'London Stone,' which may still be seen inserted in the wall of St. Swithin's church, Cannon-street. It seems to have been regarded with a superstitious reverence as the Palladium of the city. When Jack Cade, at the head of his rebel army, entered London, he struck his sword on this stone, saying, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this citie.'

The fine old gothic cathedral of St. Paul, anciently called Eastminster, which fell in the Great Fire of 1666, covered three acres with its walls. The beautiful spire rose high above the city, and one of its aisles (Paul's Walk) was the daily resort of traders, news-mongers, and sharpers. In front stood Paul's Cross, a pulpit of wood, noted for political sermons, and for the nobler exertions of Latimer and others of our distinguished reformers. This Cross was demolished in 1641, by order of the Long Parliament, who issued a commission for the destruction of 'pictures and other monuments and relics of idolatry.' The beautiful cross of Queen Eleanor in West Chepe (Cheapside) shared the same fate; and the ancient May Pole which stood on the site of the New Church in the Strand was removed by Sir Isaac Newton to Wanstead park, as a support to his great telescope.

In Aggas's map of London, as it was in 1560, Finsbury and Holborn, St. Giles and St. Martin's, appear as scattered villages. Westminster was not only a distinct but a distant city. A long dreary road led through Lud-gate to the village of Charing, where another of Eleanor's crosses (now supplanted by Le Sœur's fine statue of Charles I.) pointed the way to the palaces of Whitehall and Westminster. Beyond this cross all was open field and garden. Hedge lane (now Whitcombe-street) and the Haymarket are marked as the roads to Oxenforde and Redynge. On the top of Hay-hill stood the gibbet of Sir Thomas Wyatt. In Marybone (now the Regent's) Park, Queen Elizabeth sent her Russian ambassadors to hunt. At a noted Bowling-green and House of Entertainment, (set up on the suppression of Spring Gardens,) were sold a sort of Cakes (? Ruffs,) called *Piccadillas*, which gave title to the fine street of which this resort was the origin. A little east of this stood the country-house of Lord Keeper Coventry; and, further on, the mansion of *Sydney-Earl-of-Leicester*, upon the sites now occupied by the Street, Passage, and Square, which retain these names. North of this arose King's square, on one side of which stood the house of the Duke of Monmouth, after whose execution his friends changed this royal name to 'Soho,' the watchword with which he advanced to the fatal battle of Sedgemoor. Hanover and Cavendish squares first appeared in the maps about the year 1720; Oxford-street at that time extended no farther than Princes-street, and Bond-street reached only to Conduit-mead. Trinity Chapel, which stands in that quarter of the town, has a curious history. It was originally a Popish chapel of wood mounted on wheels, and followed the camp of James II. to Hounslow Heath, where it remained neglected long after the Revolution, till Archbishop Tension, then

rector of St. Martin's, brought it back to its present position, and rebuilt it of more durable materials.

The venerable Abbey of Westminster, on Thorney Island, was surrounded on three sides by a creek, which opening near Manchester Buildings crossed King's-street and College-street, supplying the Canal in St. James's Park, and thence rejoined the Thames. The adjacent palace of Edward the Confessor, of which the noble Hall of Rufus and a few fragments only remain, covered both the palace-yards, and extended as far as Whitehall, where it joined to the precincts of York House. On the disgrace of Wolsey, the latter was seized for the use of the king, who from that time kept his court there. St. James's Hospital, till then under the jurisdiction of Eton College, was also seized by Henry VIII. who converted it to a palace, and inclosed the Park, which was afterwards planted by Charles II.

The magnificent palace of Whitehall, designed by Inigo Jones, for James I., was to have comprised six distinct courts; but the beautiful Banqueting-room alone was completed. At that period the royal palaces occupied the whole of the east side of the street of Whitehall, and that part on the west where the Horse Guards, and the Home Office and Treasury now stand. The site of the present Admiralty was occupied by Wallingford House, where died, (in 1632,) of a disease as horrible as her depravity, the infamous Countess of Essex, and from the roof of which Archbishop Usher beheld the execution of his royal master. In Scotland-yard, stood the ancient palace of King Kenneth. King-street, the only thoroughfare, was guarded by a gate; and another of nobler dimensions, designed by Holbein, stood in the midst of Whitehall, and formed the principal entrance to the palace.

When The Great Fire of 1666 destroyed almost the whole city within the walls, London possessed an architect worthy of raising the fallen capital from her ashes. But the citizens ignorantly rejected the beautiful plan of Sir Christopher Wren, who proposed to carry a spacious street in a direct line from St. Paul's to the Exchange, another to the Tower, and a third westward from the same point to Piccadilly. A terrace was to adorn the bank of the river, beside which he intended to place the Halls of the twelve great Companies. The king and his ministers warmly supported this masterly conception, but to little purpose: the citizens cramped Sir Christopher in his operations so as almost wholly to frustrate the design. He effected, nevertheless, great improvement in the comfort and cleanliness of the city, as one proof of which it may be observed, that the plague, which in the preceding year is stated to have carried off 160,000 persons, never afterwards appeared.

In 1766, (just a century after,) Mr. John Gwynn, an architect of reputation, dedicated to his late Majesty proposals for the improvement of London and Westminster, and plans for the erection of a Royal Palace in Hyde-park, upon a scale of magnificence which would satisfy the most enthusiastic of modern projectors. This work (now scarce) displays excellent taste, and anticipates nearly all the improvements since made or now contemplated. On one of his plans we observe 'St. George's-bridge' occupying nearly the site of our bridge of Waterloo, with a noble street leading north through Bow-street. 'King's-square' is seen occupying the place of the Mews: a great street leads north from Pall Mall, nearly in the line of Regent-street, and another east from Piccadilly. Splendid improvements for Whitehall and Palace-yard are also sketched out, as well as a quay on both banks of the river, extending as far as London-bridge.—No part of his ingenious design, however, was adopted: the publication does not appear to have produced any public interest at the time; and Mr. Gwynn has been so little thought of since, that we have seen some of his designs lately brought forward as original conceptions.

We are not of the number of those who lament the spread of London. We regard it as the most satisfactory assurance of the increasing cleanliness, comfort, and health of the inhabitants. He that was once immured in a cellar or a garret now occupies a floor, whose tenant in like manner has been promoted to an entire house. The density of population

in the heart of the city is already diminished by being scattered over a larger surface. The shopkeeper has discovered it to be most profitable in every sense to remove his family out of town; he places his stock in trade in the apartments they occupied, and employs the warehouse rent thus saved in hiring a 'pretty tenement' at Islington, Knightsbridge, or Newington, where his children thrive in a purer air, and welcome his return from the city after the traffic of the day. With all our reverence for Sir Andrew Freeport, we think our merchants and bankers do wisely in visiting, not living at, the Exchange. Ominous warnings, indeed, are still sometimes muttered against this supposed abandonment of the sober and prudent habits of the 'old London merchant;' but notwithstanding all the desperate speculations and civic dandyism of our times, we believe the present race of our citizens to be quite as honourable in their dealings, and at least as enlightened as their square-toed, velvet-capped, penny-wise forefathers. Time was when all the first nobility in England had their town-houses in Aldersgate street, and other (then) fashionable quarters of the old city.* In those days the actual citizens were huddled together in contact with their goods and their customers, and, intent only on amassing wealth, neglected all the tasteful conveniences which their successors now enjoy. The daughters who inherited their vast fortunes were eagerly courted by the needy heirs of a coronet, and became the mothers of many noble families; while a portion of the riches thus gained, being transferred to patrician hands, was devoted to the erection of most of the splendid mansions which afterwards adorned the western side of the metropolis.

MARATHON.

STRANGER! thy footsteps take with care,
Thou tread'st upon a sacred spot;
For on the plain before thee there
The Persian met the tyrant's lot—
For in attempting to enslave
The hearts of Greeks, he found a grave!

Ask yonder mountain, for it heard
The trumpet's peal, the battle's roar.
Ask if the sword of Freedom glared,
Ask, and in silent awe adore!
For silence can express alone
The deep-wrought feelings each must own.

Ask yonder torrent, for it poured
Life's ruddy current fast along;
The Naiads wept to think the sword
Should mingle blood their stream among:
But they rejoiced that Liberty
Should grant her sons the victory.

The leaders of that countless host,
Reviewed their troops in regal state;
They little thought that army lost,
Nor yet perceived their own sad fate—
That ere the sun again had set,
Themselves should be all desolate.

Oh Marathon! thy bloody plain,
To Freedom's sons is ever dear;
For there she washed out the stain
Of dreaded woe and slavish fear.
Proud man! didst think her children free,
Would yield themselves to such as these?

Ye sons of Greece! awake! arise!
Rouse at your Goddess' mighty call;
List to the voice with which she cries,
Let Turkish thralldom ever fall!
The instrument thus shall ye be,
T' avenge the insulted Deity.

Kirton.

S. D. E.

* Some of the very highest quality, indeed, had grand mansions out of town, on the Strand.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION,

HYDE PARK CORNER.

ALTHOUGH this highly meritorious Exhibition has already been noticed in our columns, (*see page 50.*) we feel that its importance and completeness demand further detail. We shall, therefore, proceed step by step, through the vast Saloon of Curiosities; noting such objects as appear especially characteristic and interesting.

The entrance attracts passengers as well by its grotesqueness of form, as by its gaiety of embellishment. The building is of pure Chinese design: it consists of a basement and upper story, and you ascend to it by a flight of steps from the pathway, beneath a verandah, supported by vermilion columns, with pure white capitals, and having suspended from it a huge Chinese lantern, which is lit at dusk; as the Collection is exhibited until ten o'clock. Over the doorway is inscribed in Chinese characters, "Ten Thousand Chinese Things;" and this line, coupled with the character in the outline and decoration of the building, is very effective.

Passing from this entrance, or lodge, as it may be called, you proceed by a vestibule, with plain walls, to the spacious apartment containing the Collection. The "visitor then finds himself, as it were, transported to a new world. It is China in miniature. The view is imposing in the highest degree. The rich screen-work, elaborately carved and gilt, at either end of the saloon, the many shaped and various coloured lanterns suspended throughout the entire ceiling; the native paintings which cover the walls; the Chinese maxims adorning the columns and entablatures; the embroidered silk, gay with an hundred colours, and tastefully displayed above the cases containing the figures, and the multitude of smaller cases crowded with rare and interesting objects, form a *tout ensemble*, possessing a beauty entirely its own, and which must be seen by the reader before it can be realized." (*Catalogue.*)

The Screen at the upper end of the Saloon is truly superb: the ground colour is delicate green, or "Pomona," tastefully gilded, and relieved by panels of silk, upon which are a profusion of exquisitely painted flowers; and upon another row of silk panels, are painted Chinese ships and boats, whilst the whole is surmounted by richly-gilt fret work.

Next to this Screen, on the right hand, is a line of large glass cases, commencing with a Temple, in which are seated three colossal Idols, each eleven feet in height, and entirely gilt: they represent the divinities in the celebrated Honan "Jos-house," i. e. the triad of Buddha-San, Paon, Fuh,—"the three precious Buddhas," past, present, and to come.

Before describing the Cases, we should mention that the life-size figures grouped in them, are of clay, cleverly modelled and coloured, and well fitted with clothing. The principal figures in Case I. are three civil Mandarins, of the first, second, and sixth grades. The one highest in rank is seated, with his head uncovered; the others with their caps still on, are paying the customary respect to their superior, before he takes a chair. The former is upon his left, this being the post of honour among the Chinese. A secretary is waiting behind the principal, with official documents in his hand. The state robes of the two dignitaries are literally stiff with gold and embroidery; but most of this splendour is hidden from the eye of the visitor by the loose outward garment of black satin, which these personages invariably wear upon state occasions. Each has an enormous bead necklace, extending below the waist in front, with, attached to it, a string of "court-beads," which reaches down to the middle of the back. The caps are dome-shaped, and have a broad

brim turned up, and faced with black velvet. The top of the cap is surmounted by a globular button or ball, from which there hangs a sufficient quantity of crimson silk to cover the crown; the material and colour of which indicate the rank of the wearer. The button, or ball, is a distinctive mark of titular rank among the Chinese. Like on most other occasions, their customs as to covering the head are the very reverse of our own: we consider it a mark of respect to uncover the head; with them it would be a great violation of decorum, unless among intimates, and with leave previously asked. Besides this distinctive button, (the removal of which by the Emperor, would be to degrade the person from all rank in the state,) each grade of mandarin wears a characteristic badge, both upon the breast and back. This is a square piece of black silk, covered with various embroidery, with a bird, a dragon, or tiger in the centre; the figure and colour varying with the rank of the wearer. At the imperial court, by the way, the figure of a dragon denotes the Emperor; and that of a tiger, his Ministers. The articles of furniture in this case, are such as are seen in the houses of the higher classes: the chairs and table are of hard grain, and resemble rose-wood; and on the wall are suspended silk scrolls inscribed with these maxims: "A nation depends on faithful Ministers for its tranquillity."—"Men's sons should rest on filial piety as their particular duty." It is worthy of remark here, that the Chinese are the only Eastern nation who make use of chairs. Those in the above Case are massive, and covered with rich crimson drapery; and the table is handsomely carved, and has a marble top, and crimson drapery hanging in the front.

Case II. contains an ecclesiastical and military group. First, is a Priest of Buddha, in full canonicals; next is a Priest of the Taou sect, in full dress. The third and fourth figures are a gentleman and his servant in mourning, i. e. literally in sackcloth, the universal mourning apparel in China. The shoes are white; the hair and beard unshaven; and an odd head-gear surmounts the cranium: the servant carries a mourning lamp, of which the Chinese bear thousands in their funeral processions. Next is a Soldier, in a red tunic, faced with white, and a huge pair of coarse blue nankeen trousers: the cap is of quilted nankeen, with the edge turned up, and a red knot at the top. He is armed with a rude matchlock, the only kind of hand fire-arms known among the Chinese. Mr. Davis occasionally saw soldiers who had the word "*goong*"—valour, inscribed on the breast. This may be all very well, but when the same individuals turned round and displayed the identical word inscribed on their backs, the position seemed particularly unsuitable. There is hung upon the wall a bamboo shield, not unlike a basket lid. The next figure represents an archer in the imperial cavalry, or "horse-guards," ridiculously armed with a bow and arrow. Such are the troops which must be falling by thousands before our artillery, of which means of defence the poor Chinese know next to nothing at the moment it is thundering in their ears, and popping off their heads!

Case III. Three "literary gentlemen" in summer costume, light and free as the most laudacious author could desire, though without the shirt-collar *à la Byron*; for as the Chinese rarely change their under-clothing, they have the good taste to conceal it. One of the *literati* is reading aloud a translation of Esop's fables, and he carries a snuff-bottle. The book-cases in this room are of ebony, and the books are placed in them horizontally. These sages are not "poor devils of authors," for a servant is handing one of them a book; a Mandarin is smoking and listening to the fable.

Case IV. A group of Chinese beauties, numbering

three ladies of rank in full costume, magnificently embroidered, and their hair dressed with bodkins and flowers. Their dresses are by no means made so low as to allow the exposure which fashion permits in Europe or America; for the Chinese women consider a "low dress" a flagrant offence against true modesty. The hands of these ladies are very delicate, a mark of aristocracy in China, as elsewhere; their eyebrows are gracefully arched; their features regular and oval; their noses too flat for beauty; but the whole countenance, though rather pretty, wants strength of expression: one of these fair ones is playing a guitar, another smoking, and a third fanning herself. Each wears three ear-rings in either ear, carries an elegant tobacco-pouch, and rests her feet, ("golden lilies") upon an embroidered footstool. The case contains also, two female servants, with feet of the natural size. As information about the fair sex in general is always pleasant, a little gossip respecting the Chinese women will be agreeable. They cannot boast of great beauty, and to make up the deficiency, they use freely rouge, which is uniformly among the presents made to a bride on her nuptials! The personal attractions of a Chinese gentleman are a large figure, inclining to corpulency, a full glossy face, and large pendent ears; the latter indicating high breeding and fortune. In females, it is nearly the reverse; delicate forms and slender willow waists being standards of beauty; the eyes are termed silver seas, (thus eclipsing the fish-pools of Solomon;) the eye-brows are often removed, and in their stead, are pencilled willow-leaves, which are used metaphorically for Pleasure: hence the saying, "deceived and stupefied by willows and flowers," i. e. by dissolute pleasures: this is, certainly, the reverse of our weeping willows. But the main personal attractions are the "golden lilies" of feet, produced by twining the toes under the soles at birth, and confining them thus by tight bandages, till their growth is effectually checked. This bandaging is continued for several years, during which, the poor child suffers the most excruciating torture. "This is, no doubt, an absurd, cruel, and wicked practice; but those who dwell in glass-houses should not throw stones. It is not a whit worse, nay, we maintain it is less irrational and injurious, than the abomination of tight lacing! No vital part is here attacked, no vital functions disorganized; and on the score of taste, if the errors of Nature are to be rectified, and her graceful lines and proportions improved, we do not see why the progress of amendment may not as reasonably be applied to the feet as to the waist. Almost every family in China, however poor, has one daughter with small feet." Head-dresses of natural and artificial flowers are always worn: no woman, says Sir George Staunton, is so poor as to neglect, or so aged as to give up, adorning herself in this manner; the culture of flowers for this purpose being a regular occupation throughout the country. This custom of wearing flowers in the hair, appears to be almost as old as the world itself; and probably Eve dressed a fillet, (of flowers,) as gracefully as any Parisian *modiste* of our day. Camellias are, doubtless, favourites in China for this purpose; just as they have become uppermost with our ladies of fashion, of late years: thus, when tired of painted art, we return to refreshing Nature!

Case V. Specimen of Chinese theatricals: a tragedian, in costume more splendid than John Kemble ever graced, and two children performing female characters. Most of the plays are historical, but do not touch on events that have happened since the Tartar conquest, so that the stage dresses are those of ancient China, which, for females, is nearly the same now as ever; but, as regards men, is very different. The Chinese are very fond of theatrical exhibitions, although they have no regular theatres; and

the actors stroll from place to place, and perform at inns, just as they formerly did in England: plays are also common at private entertainments, but females are on no account, allowed to appear on the stage. At Macao, the few wealthy Chinese residents have been known to expend nearly 7,000 dollars in one year in theatricals. Next in this case, is a Juggler, of high rank in his profession: he bears on his head a narrow-mouthed porcelain jar, so nicely poised angularly, that the slightest movement of the head, or even the relaxation of a muscle, would cause the vessel to fall; and the great feat is to throw with the left hand into the air, pieces of bamboo, so that they all fall into the jar. This trick requires great practice and steadiness, both of eye and hand. A state parasol, richly embroidered with gold thread, tapestry, and theatrical caps, are hung about this case.

Case VI. contains an itinerant shoemaker and barber, a travelling blacksmith, (vulgo, tinker,) and two boatwomen; besides agricultural implements, fishing-nets, &c. The barbers in China are very numerous, as no Chinaman ever shaves himself, and he shaves not only his face but his head: in 1834, there were, in Canton, 7,300 barbers, a town of themselves. All barbers are licenced, carry their shop at their back, and shave in the open street. Their usual implements are a stool, with a case of drawers; a tub, a charcoal furnace, and basin; but only hot water is used for the beard. The shoemaker and tinker also carry their implements at their back, not forgetting their fan and pipe.

Case VII. is about the average width of the streets of Canton, and is nearly filled by a sedan, in which the owner is comfortably seated, while he is borne along by two coolies, or chairmen: a body-servant walks beside the chair bearing a lantern, just as our footmen of old carried flambeaux along the streets of London. The panels of the chair are coloured silk for lightness, with an oil-cloth covering. The chair is borne by the poles on the chairmen's shoulders; and they move very quickly, but uniformly, very unlike the Teagues of the London chair. The illustrious Falstaff never took mine ease in mine inn, "more luxuriously than the rich Chinaman in his vaunted sedan," and the number of bearers is regulated by his rank.

Case VIII. The *Pavilion* occupies the end of the saloon, from which it is separated by camphor-wood open carvings of animals, flowers, fruits, &c. gorgeous with paint and gold; and the room thus enclosed is a perfect fac-simile of an apartment in a wealthy Chinaman's dwelling. The furniture is costly: the tables having marble tops and embroidered velvet hangings; and the chairs, foot-stools, flower-pots, cuspidors, (spittoons,) porcelain stools, (such as we see in London shops,) and embroidered silk lanterns being very numerous. But the most extraordinary feature of this apartment is an oval aperture in the extreme wall, with a carved and gilt fretwork; and through this opening or doorway, is gained a perspective view of Chinese scenery; the effect of the whole reminding one of an opening scene in one of our Christmas pantomimes, when a fairy appears, or a vision is shown. The walls of this saloon are profusely decorated, chiefly with silken scrolls, and maxims. There are six figures, representing the mode of paying and receiving visits in China, which are matters of great pomp and formality. The salutations are stilted, as might be expected; and the more agreeable introductions are tea and pipes, sweetmeats and dried fruits. A dinner invitation is a crimson ticket, entreating the bidden one to bestow "the illumination of his presence"—in place of our "requests the honour," &c. Another form is, "I have prepared pure tea, and wait your company to converse,"—corresponding with our "tea and turn-out."

A Chinese dinner is a very lengthy business, especially to an Englishman; the only eating apparatus being a long, narrow, thin-bladed knife and two little ivory sticks tipped with silver, being about as useful as the stork's bill for picking up minced veal.

Here terminate the cases containing characteristic groupes of men and women, and illustrating domestic life in China; if we except a silk-mercier's shop to the left of the entrance into the exhibition-room. The figures are modelled of a peculiar species of clay, and are creditably executed; for the Chinese, though not good sculptors, are excellent modellers, and these figures are specimens of a style of art altogether novel to Europeans. There is a remarkable sameness of feature and expression running through the whole collection, though all are accurate likenesses of persons, most of whom are now living. This characteristic sameness extends to the mind as well as the body; the primary cause of which phenomenon is ingeniously traced by the author of *Egypt and Mohammed Ali* to despotism; for he reasons, that "the multitude, all reduced to the same level, urged by the same wants, engaged in the same pursuits, actuated by the same passions, through a long succession of ages, necessarily assimilate, both mentally and physically." The Chinese, by the way, are, to a certain extent, phenologists: they look for the principal characteristics of a man in his forehead, and of a woman on the back of the cranium.

(To be continued.)

NEW INVENTIONS, &c.

RESISTANCE ON RAILWAYS.

THE Report of the British Association for 1841 has just appeared, in which are two reports by Dr. Lardner and Mr. Wood, containing some rather startling matter for scientific men to digest. It is there asserted, as founded on experiment, that the form of the front of railway carriages has no effect in the resistance of the atmosphere; that the same is nearly the case with any increase of front surface; that the increase of resistance is due to the increase of volume or bulk in the train; that the resistance depends on the number of coaches of the train, but that the spaces between the coaches have nothing to do with it; that the resistance is conjectured to be due to the wheels, more than the body of the train; and lastly, "a railway laid down with gradients not exceeding 20 feet a mile, would be, for all practical purposes, nearly, if not altogether, as good as a railway of equal length laid down on a dead level."—*The Salopian*.

RAILWAY COMMUNICATION WITH SCOTLAND.

The act of parliament for completing the railway communication between the towns of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Darlington, by a railway to be called the Newcastle and Darlington Junction Railway, with a branch to Durham, which forms another grand link in the great chain of railway communication with Scotland, having received the royal assent, the directors are taking active steps for carrying out the undertaking. The line from the Durham Junction Railway to the city of Durham is already staked out, and the requisite notices to the land-owners are in course of service. When this line shall be completed, it will present a continuous railway between London and Newcastle, as well as between Manchester and Liverpool and Newcastle, and it will diminish the distance in point of time from London, Liverpool and Manchester, to Edinburgh and Glasgow, by some hours.

IMMENSE GUN.

The largest gun ever made in this country has lately been landed at the Arsenal, at Woolwich. It weighs nearly 18 tons. The arrangements for landing this great gun were excellently made, and carried into effect without the slightest accident; and the labour of conveying it to the butt showed great ingenuity, being effected by a coil of strong rope around it, moving the immense mass in a rolling manner, along four

large logs of wood, changed alternately as the gun progressed. This gun is made on the howitzer principle, and is about 12 feet long, with an immense quantity of metal at the breech. The diameter of the bore is within about one-tenth of 16 inches. The weight of solid shot with which it will be fired is 455lb. and shells of 300lb. and it is expected two solid shot of that weight, and four shells in the same proportion, will be used when it is proved at the butt. This howitzer was cast and bored for Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt; and two other large guns, 130 pounders, were landed at the same time to be proved for service in Egypt.

CAST-IRON BUILDINGS.

Buildings of cast-iron are daily increasing at a prodigious rate in England, and it appears that houses are about to be constructed of this material. As the walls will be hollow, it will be easy to warm the buildings by a single stove placed in the kitchen. A three-story house, containing ten or twelve rooms, will not cost more than £1,100, regard being had to the manner in which it may be ornamented. Houses of this description may be taken to pieces, and transported from one place to another, at an expense of not more than £25. It is said that a large number of cast-iron houses are about to be manufactured in Belgium and England, for the citizens of Hamburgh, whose habitations have been burnt.—*Mining Journal*.

POWER OF STEAM.

It is on the rivers, and the boatmen may repose on its oars; it is on the highways, and exerts itself along the courses of land-conveyance; it is at the bottom of mines, a thousand feet below the earth's surface; it is in the mill and the workshops of the traders. It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints.—*Webster's Lectures*.

NEW MANURE FOR STRAWBERRIES.

Nitrate of Soda is likely to prove an excellent manure for Strawberries; and, contrary to most known cases, it may be applied over the herbage without injuring the plants. The improvement in the colour of the foliage is also so decided, that a person may see to an inch where it has been applied; so that there can be no doubt of its nutritive qualities.—*W. P. Ayres.—Gardeners' Chronicle*.

THE FLAVYS.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY MADAME DE BAWR.

(Concluded from page 78.)

SOON after this scene had taken place, Charles VII. entered Compeigne in triumph, accompanied by the Maid of Orleans, the heroic Joan of Arc, and many illustrious knights; and, after spending five days in that town, marched on to Paris. He failed in his attempt to take possession of the capital, and retreated to the banks of the Loire. We give the following passage, as it serves to illustrate the character of Gertrude:

"The news of the check received before Paris did not reach Compeigne without crushing all the hopes of peace which had been entertained there. This reverse would of course render the English still more arrogant, and bring them nearer to the Duke of Burgundy, between whom and the English a reconciliation, in fact, soon took place.

"Aroused from a delightful dream, poor Gertrude saw the happiness she had for a moment promised herself vanish, perhaps for ever. To add to her grief, she was entirely ignorant of the fate of Regnault. Those by whom she was surrounded had no intercourse with the Burgundians, so that days and months elapsed without her hearing the name of him who so constantly occupied her thoughts, and without her being able to ascertain whether he were dead or living. The joy which she had felt for a few days made the habitual melancholy of her character still more profound; but, accustomed as she was to sacrifice herself to others, neither Marie, nor the family who had granted her an asylum, could imagine the extent of her misery. The sweetness of her

smile and the gentleness of her language were the same as ever; and Richard, seeing this apparent calmness, secretly rejoiced at the happy days he was allowed to spend in her society.

It was at this time that the Duke of Burgundy laid siege to Compeigne. Joan of Arc threw herself into the town, and as is well known, was taken prisoner by the English in a sally, May 25th, 1430. The blockade of the town was now pursued with great rigour, and its inhabitants soon began to suffer from hunger. All the emissaries sent by them to demand assistance were seized by the enemy, until at last Daniel, a kind-hearted and shrewd little man, who in those superstitious and ignorant times, had often been accused of witchcraft, succeeded in reaching the camp of Marshal Boussac, who came with four thousand men to the relief of the town. A bloody struggle now ensued, in which the enemy was successfully repulsed, and Regnault de Flavy was taken prisoner by his uncle.

In the evening, De Flavy, who had not seen Gertrude for three days, came to the Paulet's house, and utterly unconscious of the interest Gertrude felt for Regnault, disclosed to her that the young knight was among his prisoners, adding—

"He shall never forget this campaign, which, I hope, is the last in which we shall meet."

"What then is to be his fate?" asked Gertrude, in a tremulous voice.

"The fate which he who arms against his king and his relations deserves—eternal imprisonment or death!"

"Death!" shrieked Gertrude, sinking into a chair.

"What," said De Flavy, as he pressed the icy hands of his daughter, "can you feel so much interest in this unworthy relation?"

Gertrude burst into tears. "Mercy for him! mercy!" she cried. "Recollect that he did not choose the banner under which he fights; he was but a child when his father caused him to embrace the party of Burgundy. How could he resist the will of his father? of a father that you love, although he belonged to the Burgundian party, and whose memory you have never cursed? for alas! you know but too well how many families this horrible war separates! His father is no more; but from his tomb he calls upon you to forgive his son."

"No!" said De Flavy, sternly, "I might have fallen by his arm yesterday—to-day his turn has come?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Gertrude, "when the same blood runs in your veins?"

William de Flavy shook his head with an air of the utmost indifference.

"Is he no longer your nephew—your godson?" cried Gertrude. "Pity for him!" she exclaimed, throwing herself on her knees, and clasping her hands together.

"No!"

"Well, then pity for me," she cried wildly; "I love him!"

De Flavy was perfectly stupefied. He remained silent for some moments, without thinking of raising his daughter, who still remained prostrate at his feet, and her face in her hands, overcome as she was by grief and shame. At last he gently assisted her to rise, and making a sign to her to seat herself, he said—

"I can hardly credit my ears when I hear Gertrude de Flavy avow her love for the friend of the English, for you have only known Regnault since he joined the faction of Burgundy."

"We passed the first years of our life under the same roof," replied Gertrude, without venturing to look at her father.

"But you were then children."

"Nevertheless," said the beautiful girl, hoping that this recollection would soften her father, "our family then destined us to be united."

"Who was so rash as to tell you that?" said William sternly; "Was it Regnault himself?"

"It was my grandmother," said Gertrude; "from that day I looked upon my cousin as one whom God, my uncle, and you, had chosen as my husband. I have lived in the

hope that we should be re-united at the end of this horrible war; that you would forgive Regnault for my sake; that you would not separate those whom your promise had united in the face of heaven. Should he die to-day, my father, all-powerful Heaven will, I hope, permit me soon to follow him!"

The effort which it cost Gertrude to acknowledge the tenderness she had so long concealed in the innermost recesses of her heart dyed her cheeks with a bright crimson; and her manner was so touching that the anger of De Flavy gradually subsided, and he involuntarily felt some pity for his daughter.

"Regnault is doubtless aware of the project we had formed," he said in a gentler tone.

"I suppose so," replied Gertrude, whose terror was gradually abating.

"And when he declared his love to you—"

"He has never declared his love to me," interrupted Gertrude; "the respect he owes you, the respect he owes me, prevented it."

"How then can you be sure that he loves you?" said William.

Gertrude looked down, and replied, "I hardly know, but I never doubted it."

And here she drew forth the letter the young knight had addressed to his *cousins*, and held it out to her father.

"Well, well," said De Flavy, refusing to take the paper which he could not read, "the fact is that you love each other; the particulars are quite indifferent to me."

As he uttered those words he rose and took several turns in the room, apparently in deep thought. His knowledge of Gertrude's character convinced him that she would never consent to marry any one but Regnault. He must therefore determine to see her remain single, although he had always hoped to see her the wife of one of the most wealthy and noble knights in France; for, ambitious for himself, he was so likewise for the only being in the world whom he loved. In this respect, Regnault satisfied his wishes better than any other knight. The only son of the eldest Flavy, the estates and the castles he had inherited from his father made him one of the principal lords of Picardy; and although very young, he had nobly won his spurs upon the battle field. Gertrude, if united to her cousin, would always bear the name of her father. Besides, he could not bear the idea of being the cause of the misery of her whose tenderness he so much valued, and her love for Regnault tended to soften his anger towards the young knight.

Resolved to yield, he approached Gertrude, who, pale and agitated, had watched all his movements, while she internally implored Divine protection.

"Come," he said, "dry your tears. This young madpate shall not die; he shall remain in Compeigne, a prisoner on parole, until we conclude peace with the Duke of Burgundy, unless, for your sake, he should hasten the period of his marriage by embracing the royal party. You must persuade him to give you this proof of his love; and that you may succeed in this, I consent to his coming here every day."

Although certain that Regnault would never break the oath which had been dictated to him by a father, Gertrude took care not to say so; and, re-assured as to a life that was so dear to her, she recovered her pride, which she had just sacrificed to her terror; and when she had thanked her father in terms which evinced more respect and fear than tenderness, she entreated him to keep secret from Regnault all that had passed.

"By St. James," said the proud warrior, "do you think I would be the first to speak in this matter? No, not if Regnault were King Charles VII."

"And I hope," said Gertrude, with some embarrassment, "that you depend upon my silence."

"Yes," replied De Flavy, smiling, a thing unusual for him, "I know that you must have been amazingly terrified to have confessed that you were in love!"

The happiness which Gertrude, Marie, and Regnault enjoyed for several weeks in each other's society was suddenly interrupted by the following circumstance. Among the prisoners at Compeigne was a veteran with whom William de

Flavy had been intimate in his youth. The Sieur de Bertancourt, as he was called, having seen Marie at church, was much struck with her beauty, and asked for her hand. William de Flavy, without dreaming of consulting her wishes, promised it. In the evening, he presented Bertancourt to his daughters, who recognized in him the ugly old knight who had for several weeks followed and stared at them whenever they went out. The next morning Gertrude learnt from her father that this man was in three days from that time to become the husband of her sister. It was in vain that Gertrude tried to save poor Marie from this fate—in vain that she besought De Flavy to consider her extreme youth, or even to grant her a respite of a few months. He persisted in his determination; and at length, wearied of Gertrude's importunate entreaties, he vented his wrath on Marie, who had heard her doom in silent consternation. When the cruel father had left them, Gertrude tried to console her sister, although she felt it to be an almost hopeless task.

"The Sieur de Bertancourt is neither young nor handsome, I acknowledge," said Gertrude, "but if he has a kind and generous heart,—if he loves you, as we cannot doubt,—you will be happier with him than if immured in the convent with which you are threatened. He will be your protector; and I, Marie, will follow you any where. I will live with you until I marry; and that time may, you know, be far distant."

Marie listened in silence. Gertrude had at all times so much influence over her that she gradually became more calm, and her tears were beginning to flow more slowly when Regnault entered the room.

At the sight of Marie bathed in tears the young knight was seized with the most lively emotion. He entreated the sisters so affectionately to reveal to him the cause of their affliction, that Gertrude informed him of her father's intentions.

While she spoke Regnault stood as if listening to his death-warrant. Lulled into repose by the extreme youth of Marie, and by the indifference her father had always exhibited towards her, he had never dreamed of the possibility of the misfortune which now menaced him. This was to him a stunning blow; he could not bear it calmly, and cursing the silence he had until then preserved, he exclaimed—

"She is to be married! and you can do nothing for her, Gertrude,—and you wish her to consent to it! Bid me then die! I, who have loved her since I first knew her! I, who love her to desperation!"

As he spoke Regnault threw himself at Gertrude's feet. The unfortunate girl sank into a chair.

"Obtain a respite from this cruel man," continued Regnault. "I only hope, I only ask for a respite. Peace with the Duke of Burgundy may be concluded in a few days. Alas! I waited for that moment to confess my love to you, to implore your support. When peace is declared, the Lord de Flavy will not prefer an old man without renown to his brother's son. Gertrude, my sister, my only hope is in you; my fate is in your hands!"

Gertrude remained motionless. The mental agony she endured made her feel as if awaking from a dream—alas! the only happy dream of her life! Her thoughts were all confused, and the sound of Regnault's voice pained her. The unhappy girl fixed her eyes upon her sister, whose face beamed with joy; and then turning them upwards, as if reproaching Heaven with having so long allowed her to remain in blindness. At length, signing to Regnault to rise and sent himself, she asked in a faint voice—

"How did you succeed in concealing your mutual love from me?"

"I take heaven to witness," said the youthful knight, "that Marie has just heard the confession of my love for the first time."

"And had it not been for this confession," exclaimed Marie, "I should still have believed that I loved Regnault as a brother. I never dreamed that I might one day become his wife. I swear it, Gertrude; I swear it by our poor grandmother, whom we saw expire, and who confided me to your protection."

Heaven itself must have inspired Marie with these words, for they had the power of banishing all resentment from the noble heart of Gertrude, who burst into tears.

"Ah!" cried Regnault, with strong emotion, "do you believe we deceive you, or do you weep for us?"

Marie ran to her sister, and embraced her. "We afflict you, Gertrude," said she; "we have made you angry. Can you think that I ever wished to evade your will, or even your wishes? Have you not right to dispose of the unhappy orphan? One word from you will be sufficient for me. If you were to tell me to give my hand to a man whom I detest, I would obey."

Gertrude gently pressed her sister's hand, but could not speak.

"Speak to me, my sister, speak to me!" cried the poor child in despair. "Tell me that you forgive me, that you still love me! Do you intend to repulse me, to abandon me?"

"Never!" answered Gertrude; and overcoming all weakness, she pressed her innocent rival to her broken heart.

"Decree my fate likewise," said Regnault, pressing Gertrude's burning hand in his. "May Heaven punish me if I do not respect your will, for you are an angel of goodness."

"I pray heaven," said Gertrude, whose tears had ceased, "to teach me what I must do to ensure your happiness. I must reflect on it. Leave me. Go, Marie," she continued in the softest voice, "go to Madame Marguerite's apartment, and wait for me there."

The lovers obeyed, but not before they had covered with kisses the hands and even the garments of her who had now become to them a guardian angel; and Gertrude could now give vent to her feelings without a witness.

The momentary courage which had sustained her through this cruel scene gave way when she reflected on her fate. That letter, the tender language of Regnault, all that for the past year had rendered life so dear to her, was not for her then. Regnault had done nothing for Gertrude; he had only loved in her the sister of Marie.

"By what fatality," cried Gertrude, "could I have so long deceived myself? Alas! if my grandmother had not spoken! If I had not known that we were once destined to each other, perhaps my eyes would have been opened; perhaps, too, I should have loved him less! But all combined to ruin me. I saw him anxiously awaiting the day when Marie should become his bride, and, insensate that I was, I dreamed that he loved me."

Every one of Gertrude's thoughts was fraught with agony. In one hour all her hopes for the future had been overthrown, and she had been separated from the dearest object of her affections. That love for which she now blushed, could she tear it from her heart? Could she compel herself to forget that Regnault was the husband that her father intended for her—that she had chosen? The bitterness of the tears which coursed each other down her cheeks made her feel but too well that she could never look upon Regnault as a brother, and therefore that she must henceforth be separated from her beloved Marie.

"Yes," exclaimed she, in despair, "I must lose every thing! I must lose all at once! What sin have I committed, that I should be thus unhappy? Why should I be thus separated from all I held so dear—from those I still love so tenderly? But," and here she checked herself, "can I wish it should be otherwise? Will their affliction soothe my own? and, unless I see them together at the altar, can I cease to weep for their fate? No! tears and suffering must be for me, but I will not be a witness of the unhappiness of Regnault and Marie without having done all in my power to prevent it. They hope in me, and shall I render them the victims of my misery! shall I condemn them to suffer what I suffer?"

"Good Heaven!" she cried, as she sank on her knees, "forgive my murmuring! I submit to my fate; but, for the sake of the trials I have to endure in this world, grant that I may have the strength and the power to make Marie happy!"

This prayer, pronounced with her whole heart, restored Gertrude's strength; she rose firm and resigned, and instantly

sent for Father Joseph, who was not slow in appearing. She had taken the only resolution by which the happiness of the lovers could be ensured. That night Father Joseph must bless the union of Marie and Regnault, who must immediately depart for Arras, which was then inhabited by the Duke of Burgundy, and was perhaps the only place where the anger of William de Flavy could not overtake them.

Father Joseph refused to consent to this plan until he had himself attempted to turn De Flavy's purpose; but, finding all reasoning unavailing, he that night gave the nuptial benediction to Regnault and Marie, in the little chapel of the deserted castle of their ancestors. Richard Paulet, the noble-hearted young citizen, was the witness chosen by Gertrude. As he had discovered her secret, it may easily be imagined with what increased admiration he looked on one who thus generously and unostentatiously sacrificed her own happiness to that of her sister.

Immediately after the marriage ceremony had been performed, the youthful couple mounted their horses and set off for Arras. Gertrude remained alone at Vertbois, where William de Flavy arrived the next day, to demand from her an explanation of the disappearance of Marie. Gertrude told him the whole truth; and he, after the first burst of passion had subsided, forgave her for the share she had had in the business, although he inwardly resolved to seize the first opportunity of punishing Regnault for having disdained, or rather for leaving unrequited, the love of his favourite child.

Gertrude hoped to pass the remainder of her life tranquilly, if not happily, at Vertbois; but, unfortunately for her, William de Flavy soon after married a noble lady, who, although young and handsome, was proud, frivolous, and ill-tempered. She conceived a violent dislike to Gertrude, partly on account of her extraordinary beauty, partly because she knew how much influence Gertrude possessed over her father.

One day, while De Flavy was absent from the castle, his wife, angry at some remark of Gertrude's, which she supposed to be pointed at herself, had the barbarity to revenge herself upon the unfortunate girl, by telling her what her father had carefully concealed from her. He had murdered Regnault!

This was the last blow for poor Gertrude. She instantly left the castle of her ancestors, in order to take refuge in a convent, until she could go to her sister. Richard Paulet, to whom she confided her secret, offered to accompany her. They set out, but were soon overtaken by a knight, whom the wife of De Flavy, mean and cowardly as she was cruel, sent to entreat Gertrude to forgive her, to return to Vertbois, and to conceal from William, whose resentment she dreaded, what had taken place. A quarrel arose between this knight and the young citizen; they fought, and Richard fell. Gertrude was hurried back to the castle. She was seized with a violent nervous fever; and when her father returned, he found her delirious. She remained for some days in this state; but as soon as some symptoms of amendment appeared, her mother-in-law, who was in constant apprehension lest Gertrude should on her recovery disclose all to her father, and that he would punish her for her indiscretion and barbarity, determined to leave the castle with the knight we have already mentioned. On the following morning the lady was missing, and William de Flavy was found dead in his bed, covered with wounds. It was never ascertained whether his wife was accessory to this assassination.

Gertrude slowly recovered. Marie, with an infant son, returned to Vertbois, and there we will take leave of them.

LOCK'S FIELDS.

(The following picture of this wretched London suburb is from the 5th part of *Godfrey Malvern*. In literal and graphic force and picturesqueness, it has rarely been paralleled.—Ed. L. S. J.)

"In the grave," says Chaucer, 'there is no company; and were one part of London buried 'full fathom five,' it

would never be missed by the other; for in such spots as we are about to describe, 'there is no company,'—the wealthy and the titled great come not there, misery has only misery for companionship. Any one walking from the Elephant and Castle, down the New Kent-road, would be struck by the goodly appearance of the houses, the neatness of the gardens on the left-hand side, and the picturesque effect of the fountain with its little sheet of water, and its bending Triton, who throughout the sunny summer-day blows the 'arched silver' through his crooked horn. Let him, however, strike down one of those streets opposite to where the fountain plays, and thread his way for half a mile or so from the right-hand side of the road, and he will find himself in the locality of LOCK'S-FIELDS. Here spreads out a huge morass of misery, a vast space of low damp land, intersected with noisome ditches and unhealthy patches of garden ground, broadening over what is still called Walworth-common; and hemmed in on the one hand by the long line of Walworth road beyond the turn-pike, and on the other, deep and far across, the Old Kent, or Greenwich road. Here stretch scores of streets, which at night are utterly dark, and in one of these dark streets the cabman halted; for not a lamp burns in this dismal district, although within it sleep nightly thousands of our fellow-creatures. Oh, what a lesson would the true statistics of this almost unknown district furnish forth for our modern wise-aces! But there is now a police station, formed near the centre of this swamp—one step taken to produce either a brutal, or a blessed improvement.

In the windows of almost every other inhabited house you see a bill, announcing 'Unfurnished Apartments to Let;' in almost every street numbers of houses shut up, and huge padlocks on the doors, which tell that the late wretched inhabitants have been rendered still more wretched, their few goods sold, and themselves either driven to the parish, or, with their bed of straw, housed in some new and wretched habitation. Houses there are, which have never had a coat of paint on them for years, and many of these must once have been respectable-looking places. But now the broken windows are repaired with paper; or, where the inhabitants are too indolent even to do this, huge, unsightly, and filthy garments are thrust into the broken panes, and left there until summer comes, and the cool air is then welcome. There stand sheds, in which the now useless dog-carts are placed, unless the owner is still compelled to wheel out the hearth-stone himself, or drag his load of 'cats'-meat' along the streets by his own strength. There dwell your dog and bird fanciers, living in little huts, among dogs and fowls, rabbits, birds, and guinea-pigs; and surrounded with children, who all day long play in the dirt before the doors, and yet look as healthy and fresh in their filth as potatoes just turned out of the mould. And these little bare footed uncombed children, take their baskets (often patched with cloth, when the bottom is gone) and buy the fat dirty slices of pork and bacon which lie in the neighbouring shops, marked threepence or fourpence a-pound, and sopping their potatoes in the fat, lick their fingers and thrive, learning to swear almost as soon as they can talk. Here and there you see a cook-shop, and in the window about noon smoke great suet puddings with lumps of fat as large as walnuts in them; and great black flat shut up with baked potatoes, and swimming in the grease of pork which has been cooked, because it would keep no longer; while at the windows the little dirty children stand 'looking hunger' at the savoury viands, and flattening their little noses against the panes. A penny to purchase a piece of pudding, or a few of the brown-baked and greasy potatoes, and they are happy, and can play with light and merry hearts, until hunger or sleep again visits them. Others contrive to keep a poor horse, high of bone and low of flesh, one bought at the 'knacker's,' and cruelly saved from death; and this is yoked to a cart, the cart itself tumbling to pieces, and when not in use, the owner is ever mending it, driving in a nail here and there, then going his daily round, and crying 'Dust O!' Before his door stands a mountain of ashes; this his wife riddles for the cinders, the dog meanwhile feeding from the filthy heap. During his absence his children turn it over, and pick out the bones and rags, and all are thrown into

separate heaps, and then sold. So they live in dirt, drunkenness and misery.

Then comes a shop, where they sell cats'-meat, coals, cow-heels, coke, wood, and tripe. And ever and anon a load of coal comes in, and black clouds of dust arise as they are emptied in the shop, settling on the cow heels and the tripe, and the pillars of pudding; yet these they eat all up; and, as one of them once remarked in our hearing, 'the dust does instead of pepper.' From morning to night the pot-boys are ever carrying out beer; from 'early morn to dewy eve,' it is 'beer,' still 'beer!'—breakfast and tea cannot be made without beer. Even the little children who can but just walk, and are sent to fetch it in their own jugs, stop at every turning to taste of this 'beer;' and as they grow up they learn to despise tea, and milk, and all such feminine et-ceteras, and grow brown and broad on beer, until gin comes and 'strikes flat the thick rotundity!'

Yet trade is carried on even here:—they make those blue boxes, such as hatters give away, when their customers purchase a 'four-and-ninepenny.' They bottom chairs with cane, such chairs as, when complete and coloured to resemble rose-wood, sell for twelve shillings the half-dozen. They cut and bind up wood, and it takes them a day to sell what they have done up the day before, at three bundles a penny. Sometimes you see a poor mechanic carrying home the skeleton of a sofa on his head; or part of a French bedstead; then return with a small portion of wood, of which to make others the following week. He works for the 'trade,' the shops that ticket low, and sell still lower; and make such chairs and bedsteads, that if Dandie Dinmont threw himself into them in his rough riding coat, as he did in the prison-scene in 'Guy Rannering,' he would leave nothing but 'a wreck behind.' Here all streets are without water, saving what they get from shallow wells;—for what company would lay down pipes in such a neighbourhood? The children are seen with rusty cans, and battered tin-kettles, going from house to house to beg water—no marvel they soon become so fond of beer. If a fire breaks out here, even the landlord is glad, for he gets rid of a bad tenant and a bad house at the same time, and there is still the ground to let.—They need no fire-engines who have nothing worth saving. Many of the wooden sheds, and tumble-down houses, a strong man might throw over into the ditches, which seem to stand sluggishly as if yawning for the ruins. Beside many of the ditches grow stunted elder-bushes; they are hung with broken saucepans, rags, and filth, which the inhabitants were too weak or too lazy to throw into the ditches. There live your men who sell cheap flounders and soles in the morning, and on an afternoon cry shrimps, water-cresses, and periwinkles. There walk home your women of a night, who sit at street-ends in the day, with little piles of withered apples, oranges, and coconut shells before them, and are beggled through roasting chestnuts. Here is stowed away the tall theatre in which Punch and Judy exhibit in our streets, the deep drum, and the shrill pipes; the big caravan, the poor horse that draws it, and the dwarf or giant it contains, have here their home. The manly-voiced woman, who cries 'Walk in, only one penny!' and the velvet-coated man, who shows the last murder in his peep-show, here sit side by side, and drink their beer, smoke their pipes, swear and fight,—then sleep in peace. Here a board announces that 'messages are delivered, and errands run.' But every one there is his own messenger, and goes his own errand; and if a postman appears in the neighbourhood, or a double knock is heard at any of the doors, every head is seen projecting outside all the way down the street. They walk into each other's houses without ceremony, while they are friends—and when they have quarrelled, never speak, except to 'blow each other up,' for weeks after; unless sickness or sorrow comes; then the past is forgotten; for they are still true to one another when misery bares her arm. 'Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!' and here thousands are born, live, and die, and in some instances find more real sympathy and kindness in this last struggle, than others who end their days in the 'high estate' of the cold formal world. Poor, and ragged, and ill housed as they too often are, they are not altogether miserable. They help each

other, although they talk about it afterwards. They have their bright and dark sides—their whims and ways, bad passions, and kind feelings, just like the high and wealthy, the great and the titled. But poverty and crime dwell here!

Oh God! what have we not witnessed amid these scenes!—Blear-eyed drunkenness, prowling theft, and red-handed murder!—for here shrieks and cries for help are too common to be regarded. Here they turn in their wretched beds, and say, 'It is only so and so, quarrelling with his woman;' and, stupefied with the fumes of 'turpentine gin,' are soon again asleep. Beauty dwells here; but not such as God made. Women live here—too many, alas!—faded and fallen!—the majesty gone, the virtue worn and wasted, the goodness, and kindness, and gentleness of their nature lost, battered, hardened, and now cruel and selfish. No Adam to lead them forth when they fell, they left the garden of their Eden alone; those who shured in their guilt, had long deserted them. They had no bosom left to lean and weep upon. Drink dried up their tears, and burnt up their hearts; their sighs were lost amid the loud swearing of their companions. No law protected them, and they soon hated all laws; none loved them, and now they have no love left.

Here they drag out their existence from day to day; but no one comes to ask how?—they live, die, and are buried; and their names are never known! The virtuous and the vicious are swept away together; those who were honest and industrious, and those who lived by the most disreputable means, sleep side by side in the same churchyard: how they lived, or died, no one cares to inquire. And this is in London!—in England!—in our own time! ay!—even now whilst we are writing, and now whilst thou art reading this very page."

Varieties.

Prison Discipline.—During the last year, five persons appear to have been removed from the Penitentiary, at Millbank, to Bethlehem Hospital. This is a melancholy instance of solitary imprisonment tending to insanity! The officers of the Pentonville Prison, we perceive, are appointed, so that the system will shortly be in operation. By the courtesy of Major Jebb, (one of the Commissioners,) we inspected this "Model" prison last spring, and hereafter we may describe the structure to our readers. There seems to have been considerable misrepresentation as to the system to be adopted in the Pentonville Prison: it will not be solitary, but *separate* confinement; the prisoners are to be kept at work, each in his cell, and to be visited by an officer every hour.

The Adulteration of Tea is practised to a considerable extent by the following means. Persons are employed to collect the refuse of the teapot, or *tea-leaves*, from which the flavour has been entirely drawn; this collection being principally made in hospitals, debtors' prisons, and other establishments wherein numbers of persons are housed. These leaves are washed in a weak solution of gum Senegal in water; they are then pressed, and dried in tins over a charcoal fire, when the factitious tea is perfected, and ready for sale to teadealers, at 1s. or 2s. per lb.: it is, of course, almost flavourless, and is therefore not sold by itself, but is *mixed* with genuine, and frequently high-priced, teas. We have seen a sample of this manufactured stuff, and its resemblance to genuine black tea is so close, as even to have made us sceptical of the virtue of our teapot. The poet truly sings:

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

The above adulteration is almost as reprehensible as even the vending of prepared hawthorn leaves as genuine tea.

Stage Baggage.—A correspondent of the *Boston Post* relates the following as an evidence of the obliging disposition of the Yankee drivers:—"As Mr. J —, the driver, was proceeding from Boston, not long since, a woman called him to take a bedstead on the top, *without unloading it!* He told her he would oblige her the next time he came along, but he could not then, as he had engaged to take on a *wind-mill* a little ways ahead; and as he had a large cradle on the top at the time, he was afraid he should not have room. Proceed-

ing a little farther, he was requested by a woman to wait till she had finished her washing and ironing. He told her he often had to wait for the women to do their *ironing*, but he could not stand washing and ironing both!"

Heraldry.

Where'er a hatchment we discern,
(A truth before ne'er started,)
The motto makes us surely learn
The sex of the departed.
If 'tis the husband sleeps, he deems
Death's day a "felix dies,"
Of unaccustom'd quiet dreams,
And cries—*In celo Quies.*
But if the wife, she from the tomb
Wounds, Parthian like, "post tergum,"
Hints to her spouse his future doom,
And threatening cries—*Resurgam!*

The Attorney.—Smedley Jones was lately an articled clerk to an attorney—I beg his pardon, a solicitor—in Farnival's Inn, Holborn; but recently out of his time, and therefore qualified to kill game on his own account. He wears black half-gaiters, and is a member of the Philonomic Society; exhibits much wisdom, little whisker, and no shirt collar; simpers; makes a gentle bow at the close of every sentence, with his chin touching his left collar-bone; criticises the new law courts; wears lead-coloured gloves; affects a beaver with a broad brim; nods at the close of every sentence, when the Court of Exchequer pronounces a judgment, by way of encouraging the three puiſne barons; and carries his pantaloons to his tailor's in a blue bag that they may pass for briefs. There is a lame clerk in the Three per Cent. Consol Office at the Bank, with whom Smedley Jones appears to be on terms of considerable intimacy. I rather suspect that the motive of this conjunction is, that the latter may obtain private information with respect to certain funded property appertaining to certain widows and maidens, his attention to whom rises and falls accordingly. It is an unquestionable fact, that whenever a young man rises, like Smedley Jones, upon his toes in walking; waltzes with every thick-ankled girl that would otherwise be a wall-flower for the whole evening; looks benevolently downwards upon his own cheeks, sings a second at church, and boasts of belonging to no club; he may, to a certainty, be set down as one who means to let fly an arrow at Plutus through the Temple of Hymen.—*Smith.*

A Visit to the United States of America.

Can you ride in a cart when the weather is foggy?
Can you get, every night, not quite tipsy, but groggy?
If wet, at the fire of an inn can you flit
Round and round, to get dry, like a goose on a spit?
In telling a tale can you ponder and prose?
Can you spit through your teeth? Can you talk through
your nose?
Can you sit out the second-hand tragical fary
Of emigrant players, discarded from Drury?
Can you place Poet Barlow above Poet Pope?
Can you wash at an inn, without towel or soap?
Can you shut either eye to political knavery?
Can you make your white liberty mix with black slavery?
Can you spit on the carpet and smoke a cigar?
If not, my dear Jeremy, stay where you are.

Broadstairs is a capital station for falling in love. I strongly advise all matrons with growing-up daughters, to go thither in preference to Margate or Ramsgate. The double pier and steam-vessels in the former place, and the view of the Downs from the latter, occupy the mind too much; there is no room for the tender passion. But at Broadstairs, after a young man and maiden have eaten their morning prawns, and taken their morning yawns, they have nothing to do but to fall in love till eleven o'clock at night. There is no raffle at the libraries, and the Tract Society meetings only occur once a month.—*Comic Miscellanies.*

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